Cinefantastique #3 May 14
Horror Science Fiction Fantasy
Next Issue MAY 28
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TO FILM TOM SWIFT

FOR 1968 20TH-FOX ROADSHOW RELEASE

20th Century Fox will film Tom Swift for roadshow production in CinemaScope and De Luxe Color for release in December 1968. Scripters James Buchanan and Ronald Austin have completed the film's screenplay based on the famous juvenile science fiction books which have sold over fifteen million copies. Barry M. Kirk who had options on the books brought the property to Fox to co-produce on the 20th lot with Frank McCarthy. -- Neither cast nor (more importantly) special effects team has been announced.

ROD SERLING QUITS Tv-Movie DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Rod Serling has left the Dan Curtis production of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in London, and has been granted his request that his name be removed from production credits. The walkoff was precipitated by the re-writing of Serling's script by the show's producer and director, and was agitated by a conflict with the show's star, Jason Robards. After both producer Dan Curtis and director John Moxey did a number of re-writes, English writer Clyde Exton was brought in to write a completely new script. Serling was banned from the set during rehersals by Robards who remarked that he didn't like a word Serling wrote. Serling, who wasn't even permitted to speak to the actor, describes the situation as a clash of personalities and was glad to leave. Shortly thereafter Curtis was forced to postpone taping of the show due to an English strike of tv technicians. Taping of the two-hour tv-movie for ABC will resume sometime this summer minus Serling's script.

See page 24

CINEFANTASTIQUE #3, May 15, 1967. A newsletter of film news and reviews published bi-weekly at 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois/60635. Copyright © 1967 by Fred Clarke. Available at 3/25¢.

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Hollywood Correspondent.....Larry Byrd
English Correspondents.....Alan Dodd and Gary R. Parfitt
European Correspondents.....Jean-Claude Michel and Jean Pierre Bouyxou

EDITORIAL SMALL STUFF.....

I've yet to see the issue of SPECTRE reviewed by Fred in this issue, but his comments on FAMOUS MONSTERS, Forrest J Ackerman, and fans who editorialize against them, have prompted me to talk a bit on the subject.

First, the fact that MONSTER WORLD has ceased is an indication that both FJA and Warren and Co. are coming apart at the seams? Hardly.

Several months ago, I got the facts, straight from the monster's mouth, so to speak. MONSTER WORLD did not fold, it stopped publication; there is a difference.

With all the money that's being spent on Batman and super hero material, there wasn't enough profit in putting out MONSTER WORLD. Magazines that aren't sold on newstands are returned to the publisher. When this involves thousands of magazines you can't exactly put them in the closet; you have to rent space, or at least make some arrangements for storage.

Not making enough profit, Warren stopped the magazine; that may be a revealing commentary on the man, but it can't be forgotten that his business sense and Forry's creativity have resulted in somewhere around a hundred film-oriented publications which is as much or more than all their competitors combined! So shut-up already, you prophets of doom.

In this issue, among other things, you will find Fred's "stand" on the Pongs, a very controversial award. My thoughts, for the most part, parallel Fred's.

Where we differ is on whether fans who oppose the Pong, but realize the awarding of Hugos to fans has been abused, or just demeans the pro Hugo, should write-in the fan "Hugo".

I think we shouldn't, just because several fanzine editors are requesting that we do. It must be remembered that those fans who are protesting the loudest, are the ones in the running for the Pong.

They want a Hugo instead of a Pong, if they win, and I can't condemn them for that. But this question can't be weighed on such purely personal feelings, alone.

The best interests of fandom should be considered, and just write-in votes are not effective in solving this problem.

As I view it, the ill-named Pong is the lesser of two evils. Since I can't see the necessity of supporting the larger of two evils, I support the Pong.

(I have published a one page editorial sheet, the first of seceral issues, that deals with the Pongs; copies are available for a SAE, or a 4¢, 5¢, or 8¢ stamp, depending on how fast you want it.)

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Either I'm not listening close enough, or there has been very little fannish comment on The Invaders. Okay, I'll review it. (Gotta fill the stencil somehow....)

Roy Thinnes, as David Vincent, has graduated from soap opera to science fiction.

The first episode irritated me when it appeared that Vincent would be the only man in the world who knew of the Aliens' existence. In further episodes, others did learn of the Aliens. This added some room for the scriptors, and they've taken advatage of it. The stories are good with realistic dialogue to match.

Special effects are quite good, and a bit better than those of Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, or Lost in Space. (No matter what you think of each show, the special effects-men are the same ones who did FANTASTIC VOYAGE.)

Star Trek, it isn't, but The Invaders is at least a healthy step towards good visual SF.

-Vern Bennett-

FILM NEWS & NOTES

Herman Cohen's Circus of Blood starring Joan Crawford has undergone a title change to Berserk, and is now completed for Colombia release...The Bamboo Saucer is a science-adventure film from indie producer NTA, produced from an original story by Rip Van Ronkel, John Fulton & Frank Telford. The picture contains some of the most intricate special effects ever conceived, created by effects ace John Fulton....The Queen of England will be the guest of honor at the world premiere of Ian Fleming's You Only Live Twice at the Odeon Leicester Square in England on June 12.....Jules Verne's novel The Raft will be filmed by Ivan Tors Productions as 800 Leagues On the Amazon to be directed by Andrew Marton on location in Guyana, South America from a screenplay by author Roger Caras.....In addition to Geroge Hamilton - Gary Merrill, Arthur O'Connel and Suzanne Pleshette will star in George Pal's The Power.....Psycho was barred from network televising by CBS, however it may be seen on your local station as it has recently been released in syndication along with 330 other post-1950 Paramount pictures.....Future Hammer projects include She-the Avenger and the Lost Continent.....AIP will release ten of their past horror productions to drive-ins this summer in two different "horror until dawn" packages of five films each - package "1 contains House of Usher, The Raven, Premature Burial, Pit and the Pendulum, and The Haunted Palace - the 2nd contains Comedy of Terrors, Tomb of Ligeia, Masque of the Red Death, Tales of Terror, and War-Gods of the Deep. Our question is who's going to be watching. ..."The Judgement" a two part episode of The Fugitive to be telecast in August reveals the true identity of the killer of the doctor's wife: now maybe everyone will leave that poor persecuted one-armed man alone!.....Universal will release Colussus, science fiction written by D.F. Jones.....Science fiction and television have been set back 50 years, Lorenzo Semple Jr. the simpleton who created the now defunct Batman television series has turned in a script idea called Colony One about our first base on the moon; series will be produced for CBS by William Dozier another fugitive from the cancelled Batman show....Edward G. Robinson has withdrawn from his co-starring role in APJAC's production for 20th Century Fox of Pierre Boule's Planet of the Apes, to co-star in the up-coming production of MacKenna's Gold.

Indie Production SHE FREAK Opens In Over 40 Cities

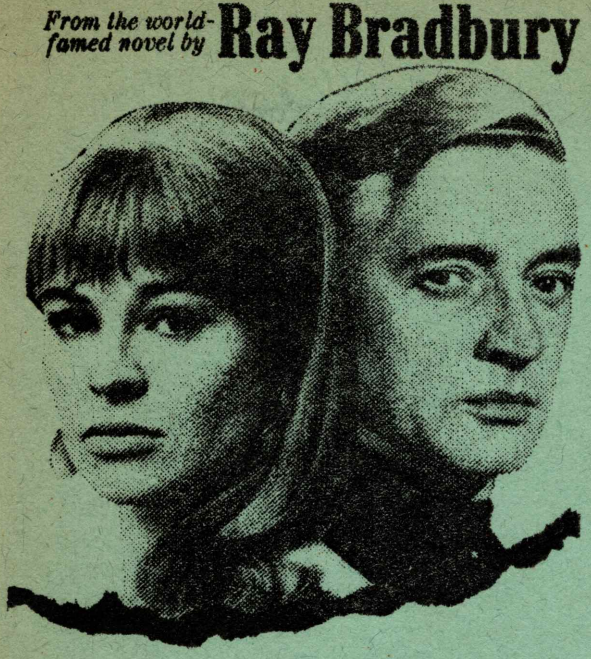
She Freak, a new color horror feature from Sonney-Friedman Pictures, has been scheduled for openings in over 40 key cities throughout the U.S. during the months of May and June. The film premiered May 3rd in Minneapolis-St Paul Minesota. The picture, produced by David F. Friedman, was filmed mostly on location with the West Coast Show carrival, and represents sort of a combination between Herman Cohen's Circus of Horrors and Curtis Harrington's Night Tide.

Actor CHRISTOPHER LEE Turns to Producing

Christopher Lee, today's foremost master of menace roles, turns from acting to producing. Under a London production banner he has acquired a property Under the Sun for his first venture.

ROGER CORMAN BUSY

Roger Corman is currently working on The St. Valentine's Day Massacre for 20th Century Fox, and The Trip, a protest film for American-International. He also has Spy in the Vatican, and his long-time dream production Robert E. Lee lined up for production at United Artists, and has added Charlemange, which he will produce-direct, to his schedule with no release set.



"fahrenheit 451"

FAHRENHEIT 451 Universal. 1/67. 111 minutes. An Enterprise-Vineyard Production. Produced by Lewis M. Allen. Directed by Francois Truffaut. Screenplay by Francois Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard. Based on the novel by Ray Bradbury. Director of photography, Nicholas Roeg. Art director, Syd Cain. Production and costume design, Tony Walton. Film editor Tom Noble. Assistant director and continuity, Bryan Coates. Music composed and conducted by Bernard Herrman.

Montag ..... Oskar Werner
Linda ..... Julie Christie
Clarisse ..... Julie Christie
The Captain ..... Cyril Cusack
Fabian ..... Anton Diffring
The Man with the Apple .....
..... Jeremy Spencer
The Book-Woman ..... Bee Duffell
Henri Brulard ..... Alex Scott

To call Fahrenheit 451 a science-fiction film is a misnomer. Ray Bradbury is rarely the writer of anything but fantasy, and Francois Truffaut, in his script and direction, has treated it as such and created a delightful picture. Those seeking logic and rationale in the film will be sadly disappointed, as the dream world of 451 collapses as easily as that of Alice under the strain of too scrutinizing an inspection.

Those critics picking at the plot for its inconsistencies have missed the point. Truffaut's purpose is not to create a picture of the future as a possible extrapolation of the present. For Truffaut the world of 451 is a mad illogical place, a future-oriented setting allegorical to the present in which many current trends have been magnified and twisted out of proportion in their importance. The future of Fahrenheit 451 is only a convenient backdrop in front of which Truffaut can place his characters to act out their little drama; it is a vague fantasy world and he never attempts to support its plausibility. In this respect, Fahrenheit 451 is similar to Fritz Lange's Metropolis, which, when first released, was criticized extensively for its own illogical futuro, perhaps most vehemently by H. G. Wells who gave these instructions to the production crew of his Things to Come "As a general rule you may take it that whatever Lange did in Metropolis is the exact contrary of what we want done here." Lange, of course, like Truffaut is not trying to create an accurate prediction of the future as Wells attempted in his Things to Come, and Metropolis, like Fahrenheit 451 is pure fantasy.

The film, perhaps as a consequence of Bradbury's own style of writing, has almost no plot at all. It is rather a series of loosely strung vignettes, leading to the picture's beautiful conclusion, each with a beauty and mood of its own. Much of Bradbury's novel is omitted or changed; the character of Faber with whom Montag conspires against the society of 451 is gone, and Clarisse, who Bradbury quickly disposes of in the novel, is further developed and becomes a cornerstone to events in the film. The nuclear holocost at the end of the novel is not present in the film and Truffaut has refined and dignified Bradbury's conception of the "book people" making them an altogether more purposeful lot. These changes are for the most part, a matter of taste. In letting Clarisse live, Truffaut merely assigns to her the role which Faber played in the book, as Montag's motivation and fellow conspirator, but her existence also allows for a much happier ending and her continuing appearance affords the film a greater unity.

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In leaving out many parts of the book Truffaut chose or created episodes which most developed Montag's synthesis from book burner to book reader. At the film's beginning we are presented with Montag the contented fireman, happily participating in the regimented searching out and destroying of books. He first begins to doubt himself when he encounters Clarisse on his way home from work. She asks him a question he has not dared or perhaps even thought of asking himself. "Are you happy?" He replies laughingly, "Of course I'm happy!" and then again to himself as he walks away less sure, "of course..." To bring the realization of Montag's unhappiness more explicitly to the audience, Truffaut has cast Julie Christie in dual roles. She is the lively light-hearted Clarisse, who first shakes Montag's delusion of happiness, and quite a contrast as his dull, almost infantile, wife. This resemblance, yet striking contrast between Clarisse and Linda becomes the root of Montag's disenchantment with the world of 451; he sees in Clarisse what he would like to see in his own wife.

There is not much memorable dialogue in Truffaut's screenplay, and what good there is, is taken almost verbatim from Bradbury. The charm of Fahrenheit 451 is due primarily to its visual artistry, from Truffaut's screenplay and direction and from the clever camerawork of Nicholas Roeg. Early in the film Truffaut utilizes slow motion and backward projection to give a distinct dreamlike quality to the first book burning. The forbidden books, bound up in a net, are thrown from the second story and fall in slow motion to the strains of Bernard Herrman's nightmarish strings and percussion. This first fire, as all subsequent ones, is s t r i k - ingly beautiful. We are shown close-ups as the flames transform, as if by magic, page upon page into delicate ash. Cyril Cusack as the captain puts our feelings into words when he says to Montag, "Who can ever explain the fascination of fire, whether we're young or old. Look, isn't that lovely? the pages, like... like flowers with butterflies...luminescent and black."

Both Oskar Werner and Julie Christie are well supported by an excellent cast; particularly outstanding are Cyril Cusack as Montag's superior (Captain Beatty) and Anton Diffring as Fabian, a jealous and spiteful co-worker. Captain Beatty is not strongly characterized as in the novel, yet Cusack does remarkably well with what is given him. He recites his tirades against books as if they were poetry, and projects his pathological obsession against them in every line and gesture. Anton Diffring's lines are lamentably few and brief, but his mere presence is felt, and in the company of Montag his countenance radiates hatred and resentment. Diffring is an excellent actor when given the chance, as proven in The Man Who Could Cheat Death, and his return in English films is looked forward to.

A great deal of Fahrenheit 451's effect is due to Bernard Herrman's complementary music. Unlike most film composers Herrman does not introduce irrelevant melodies into his score; he sets the music to film rather than the other way around. You therefore do not find yourself humming or even remembering his music from this film, but you definately recall that the music was good. The low base tones of his Day the Earth Stood Still and Journey to the Center of the Earth scroes are absent as are the brassy effects of his Hitchcock music, but his characteristic harp and bells are prominent along with soft and subdued strings and woodwinds. His music helps in creating and supports the film's beauty and fantasy.

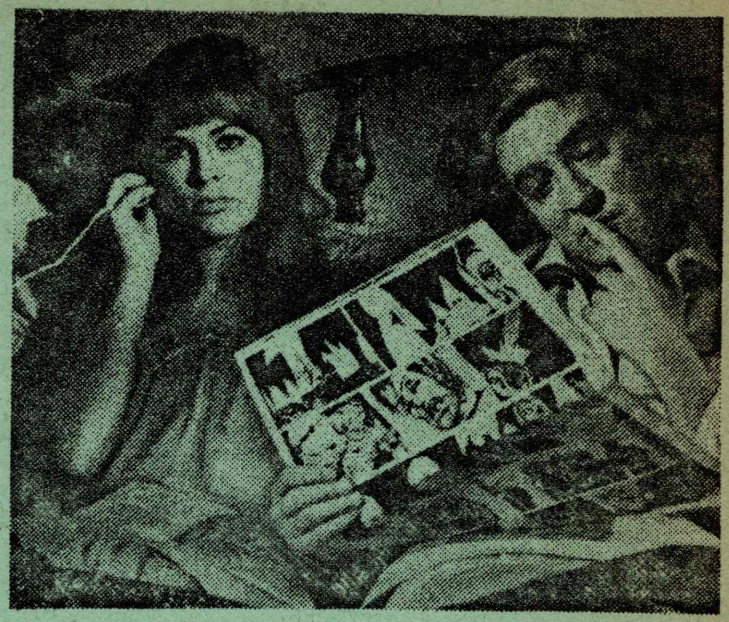
Truffaut's opening credits serve to focus our attention, rather imaginatively, on the absence of printing. While various visions of television antennæ topped roofs are flashed onto the screen in every imaginable hue of red, the credits are narrated rather than shown

Oskar Werner and Julie Christie

to us. This is immediately captivating, as are Truffaut's other allusions to the absence of the printed word as the captionless cartoons. (Photo right) At the picture's conclusion we are shown scenes of Montag and Clarisse with the book people, serenely strolling through the wintry woods by the lake as the snow drifts gently down. They are reading to themselves as they walk, memorizing the one book they have chosen to preserve, Montag reading Tales of Mystery and Imagination by Edgar Allan Poe, and as they walk, the last solemn chord of Bernard Herrman's score is struck and above the lake appear the words "The End." Thus Truffaut ends his film metaphoricly pointing to the future when books will be printed again, and each of the book people will be called upon to recite what he has learned. -Fred Clarke-

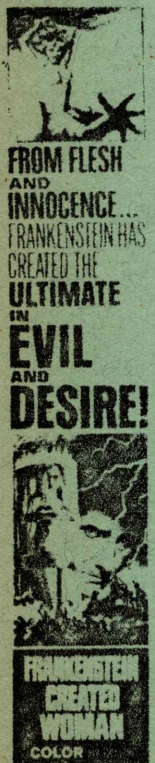
"Francois Truffaut's 'Fahrenheit 451' is a failure, and the most interesting thing about it may be that it is not an interesting one... The movie contains no mistakes but is itself a mistake; the director having taken infinite pains to get everything just so, the sum of his justsos is a boring nullity."
-Brendan Gill- (The New Yorker)

"Mr. Truffaut simply got himself tangled up with an idea that called for a slashing satire of a sort beyond his grasp, and with language he couldn't



fashion into lively and witty dialogue."
(New York Times)

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING



"Judging by Frankenstein Created Woman.....the genre has certainly changed. It would be difficult to imagine a film more unsuitable for children than this grisly and unpleasant conglomeration of sex and sadism.....Decapitation is the order of the day, with blood stained heads falling at the drop of the guillotine.....The movie opens with a grisly sequence in which a man dies on the guillotine while his 7 year-old son watches in fascinated horror. It goes steadily downhill..."
-Jeanne Miller- (San Francisco Examiner, 3/16/67)

"In its own vein of solemn absurdity, the new Frankenstein picture isn't half-bad and can be passively enjoyed, even at a noisy Saturday matinee.... Actor Cushing, as always, plays his part with sober concentartion and not a hint of High Camp self-mockery."
-Clyde Gilmour- (Toronto Telegram, 3/20)

"...the name Hammer leading off the credits in this type of film usually stands for something special in the field...And while...Frankenstein Created Woman...provided my initiation to the Hammer company's output, it was nevertheless easy to see why a strong following has grown for the work of this English studio during the past decade or so. Quality, a definate respect for most details of their subject and most members of their audience, seeps through the films...the actual shock aspects of Frankenstein are pedestrian, not nearly as tense or jolting as all its bloody murders and fast cuts to horror struck eyes were likely intended to be. It is far too talky in its middle and, at just under two hours running time, too long by half an hour for the number of big moments it included...in a discreet way it is more frank about life simulating in a 19th century Austrian village than most non-supernatural "period' pictures ever are." -Arthur Zeldin-
(Toronto Daily Star, 3/20/67)

Ted Isaacs' review of Frankenstein Created Woman will appear in Cinefan #5.

DEATH CURSE OF TARTU Thunderbird International Release. 12/66. A Falcon Production. Produced by Joseph Fink and Juan Hidalgo-Gato. Written and directed by William Grefe. Cast: Fred Pinero, Babette Sherrill.

Death Curse of Tartu, a low budget color film shot on location in the Florida Everglades, was created by a bunch of people new to professional film-making. Although it is kind of rough around the edges, it comes off as an entertaining little film that is certainly a couple of cuts above most of the low-budget stuff that we've been getting lately.

William Grefe has borrowed from the mummy legends in centering his screenplay on a centuries old Seminole witch doctor, Tartu, who vowed on his death bed to return to life in the form of strange animals in order to destroy anyone who would desicrate his burial-grounds. As the film opens, a guide in the employ of Dr. Tyson (Fred Pinero) sets up an advance camp for his archeological party on the burial grounds. While walking through the bush, he finds a strange tablet with some inscriptions on it. He is unable to translate it, but he brings it back to the camp for the doctor. Before he can settle down for the night, however, he hears the sound of some strange Indian tribal ceremony. When he goes to investigate, he is attacked and strangled by a huge snake.

Dr. Tyson, his wife (Babette Sherrill) and their party, which consists of four young archeology students, arrive at the grounds the next morning. Although Tyson is upset by the disappearance of the guide, he does not want to panic the kids and when they find the tablet, he decides to stay for the night. In the evening, while he is working on the strange inscriptions, the two young couples go off to be by themselves. After they dance awhile, one of the couples decides to go for a swim. They aren't in the water long before they are attacked and killed by a shark. Dr. Tyson is mystified by the presence of a shark in the Everglades, but, having learned from the stone that he is near the burial ground of Tartu, he begins to suspect that the ancient curse may not be so much hokem after all. When it is discovered that their air boat has been chewed up by some strange animal, he is sure that the group is under the curse of the deathless witch doctor.

The remaining young male student volunteers to try to go overland to get some help, but before he can get very far, he is attacked by a vicious snake that poisons him. Back at the camp, his girlfriend awakens from her sleep screaming, sure that he is dead. Tyson decides that they must follow the advice of the tablet which states that the only way Tartu's curse can be obercome is to destroy his corpse. Tyson, his wife, and the young girl set out to find Tartu's coffin.

They are able to find the tomb, but the sight of the dead guide, who is lying within the cave, panics the girl and she flees into the swamp. Tyson and his wife try to follow the girl, but they are trapped inside when the entrance closes. He uses some powder from his bullets to blast his way out, but by the time they can catch up with the girl, an alligator has chewed her arm off and she

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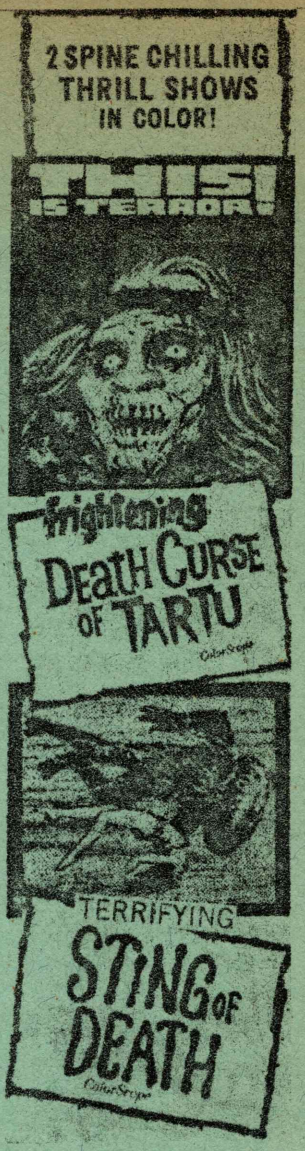

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bleeds to death. Now only Tyson and his wife remain, and they head back to the tomb.

When they get back, the tomb creaks open and the mummified corpse of Tartu arises. It transforms into a youthful Tartu, who begins to grapple with Tyson. Tartu knocks Tyson down and then begins to chase his wife who has run out of the cave. In running through the swamps, Mrs. Tyson finally slips into a pool of quicksand, but her husband arrives and manages to knock Tartu into the pool and save her just before she goes under. The prophecy of the tablet has been fulfilled, and Tartu's corpse has been destroyed by nature.

The acting of Fred Pinero in the title role is pretty good and despite some banal dialogue, the rest of the cast also do remarkably well with their roles. The special effects, including the make-up of the mummy witch doctor, are generally a lot better than one would expect from a film of this type. The strongest point in the film's favor is its fine color photography and there are several shots of alligators, sharks and snakes that are beautiful wildlife studies in themselves.

Director William Grefe maintains the suspenseful air of the film with a good sense of timing and the generally fast-paced story remains interesting throughout. Grefe tends to extend the hunt sequences, when the humans are being stalked by Tartu in his animal form, just a bit too long, but the death scenes, especially the one in which the young student is bitten to death by a vicious snake are very well handled.

Of course, the film has its drawbacks. The soundtrack for the sequences shot in the outdoors has been looped back on and the poor synchronization leads to some embarrassing silences when the actors are moving their lips. In addition, Tartu's cave tomb set is rather cheaply done and plainly looks like the cardboard of which it was constructed. Finally, some of the dialogue is trite enough to be unintentionally humorous.

All in all, Death Curse of Tartu is no masterpiece, but a tight little suspenseful script, some competent directorial work and some fine color photography raise it above the average. It makes for a surprisingly entertaining hour-and-a-half. -Ted Isaacs-

Rating:---****

STING OF DEATH Thunderbird International Release. An Essen Production. 12/66. Produced by Hank Rifkin. Directed by William Grefe. Screenplay by Richard S. Flink. Cast: Neal Sedaka.

If Death Curse of Tartu is at least partially successful because of its good story, then its companion feature, Sting of Death, fails because of its poor story. Very similar to Tartu in construction and execution, Sting suffers from an over-ambitious script that manages to dredge up almost every cliche of the recent abominable crop of teenage horror films.

We're back in the Everglades again, where this film was shot, and the story opens with a college girl, Kathy, returning home from school with some female companions for a vacation. Her father is a biologist who lives in the Florida swamplands in order to study jellyfish. No, pop is not insane this time around, but he does have the usual deformed assistant, who goes by the friendly name of Ignon, and a handsome houseboy, Bob. Both of these chaps have a romatic eye on Kathy, of course.

Igon, whose face is quite a mess, likes the biologist's daughter because she is sympathetic. Later in the day, when he wanders over to watch Kathy and some of her friends enjoy themselves at a party, they spot him and begin to taunt him because of his looks. It is only with Kathy's aid that he is able to escape their persecution.

When the party begins to settle down one of the girls decides to take a swim in Kathy's pool. Now there's a foolish girl. She is soon attacked by some sort of creature. The thing is evidently covered by an acidic slime because the girl is badly burned. When her boyfriend tries to stop the creature, he is injured even more seriously. Kathy's father suggests that the teenagers take the boy back to town for medical aid in his boat while Kathy and some of her friends remain behind with the striken girl. The group doesn't get far, however, before the creature capsizes the boat and kills them all.

Meanwhile, the biologist and Bob have taken two other girls with them and gone hunting for the monster. They are unable to find it, but as they are fumbling around, both of the girls are killed by the creature. Back at the house, the girl that Kathy is with is

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also done in by the busy little creature in a nude-shower sequence reminescent of Psycho. When Kathy discovers the dead girl, Bob and her father run out again to search the swamps. Kathy is left in the company of Igon, who has been mysteriously absent throughout all these killings.

Well, if you haven't guessed the identity of the creature yet, you haven't been paying attention. It's none other than Igon. He explains to Kathy that he's killed all those people to protect her and even I won't try to rationalize that kind of logic. She conveniently faints and he carries her off to his seret underwater lab.

She comes to and he explains that he's been able to nuture giant jellyfish using human blood and electricity. When Kathy rejects his physical advances, he walks over to a tank containing one of the giants, sticks his head in the water (That's where the producer's head belongs!), flips a switch and presto-chango, we have the screen's first jelly fish monster, repleat with a great big pink head.

At just about this time Bob arrives on the scene armed with a torch. He manages to keep the creature at bay with it, but in a moment, he drops it into the tank containing the giant jellyfish. The mutant is destroyed and Igon drops to the ground with the bubble head dissolving about him. While he lies there dying, Bob and Kathy escape. Igon and his lab are destroyed in an explosion which merciully ends the film.

It's very important for the scripter of a low budget film to take the limited finances into account. What the Sting script called for was obviously beyond the producer's resources, both financial and intellectual. What we wind up with is a creation that is so patently fake that it reduces the whole film to a level of absurdity that is an insult to the intelligence. In shots of the creature's legs, it's painfully obvious that the monster's feet are nothing more than diving flippers because the pink flesh of the actor's heel plainly shows. We can tell that the monster's head is just an inflated plastic bag because we can see the actor's head clear through it. Finally, when we are told that a bunch of lifeless floating plastic bags are supposed to be a vicious mutated Portuguese man-of-war that are attacking a struggling bunch of teenagers, we just have to sit back and laugh. Special effects of such low quality as those presented in this film tend to dispel any air of reality or sincerity mighty fast.

The acting in this film is quite poor, even for a bunch of amateurs. None of the principals is able to do much with the cliches in the dialogue which drew several unintended laughs from the audience. Helping to make things worse is the fact that the film is obviously shot silent with the dialogue added later. This looping technique is particularly evident in some early sequences wherein the synchronization is so bad as to be humorous. At best, the poor post-dubbing tends to be irritating

Although director William Grefe keeps things moving at a pretty good pace (there are more than ten killings), the identity of the villian is so poorly disguised in the weak script that the movie soon runs down in interest. The camera work is generally competent but there's little imagination shown on the part of the camera-man. In pedestrian affairs such as this, it's obvious that the camera has been used merely as a recording device rather than as a living tool, as it should be.

Sting of Death is of interest in demonstrating the many pitfalls of low-budget film making. Trapping its ridiculous characters in an absurd and trite story, it manages to stumble into almost every one of them. In a word, Sting of Death, stinks.

-Ted Isaacs-

Rating:-------*

(A word about Ted Isaacs' rating system: a maximum of eight stars can be given, four stars usually denotes good, eight stars excellent, six stars very good, and two stars poor. No half stars are given.)

COMING IN CINEFANTASTIQUE:

June 11: Cinefantastique #4. Reviews of In Like Flint, The Projected Man, and The Island of Terror. Dave Ludwig has prepared a full width cover drawing to be reproduced in color.

June 25: Cinefantastique #5. Our first bi-monthly issue. Over thirty pages, offset cover and interior stills. Tom Reamy's review column "The Science-Fantasy Film Revisited". A review of Freaks by Gregory Zatirka, and of course all the current news and reviews, and much more.

FANZINES ---------:0:---------

MY STAND ON THE "PONGS"

I first heard about the Nycon's new fan achievement awards, the "Pongs", replacing the Hugo for the best fanzine in Yandro. Since then Leland Sapiro of the Riverside Quarterly has sent out flyers condemning Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers of DOUBLE BILL for sending out flyers condemning the "Pongs". Tom Reamy finally came out with the fifth issue of his TRUMPET, condemning the "Pongs" in his editorial and also revealing that some editors, namely Bill Mallardi and Felice Rolfe of NIEKAS, will refuse the award if they should win.

The only thing wrong with the "Pong" as far as I can see is its name. I'd much rather have on my mantel a Hugo than a Hoy Ping Pong award which sounds more like the door prize from a Chinese New Year's party than an award for achievement in sf fandom. Otherwise the "Pongs" are an excellent idea; Hugos should not be given for fannish achievement. To do so only cheapens an award we should reserve for outstanding professional achievements in the field. Camille Cazedessus, Tom Reamy, Bill Mallardi, Buck Coulson, none of them belong with the Frank Herberts, Roger Zelazneys or Harlan Ellisons, yet last year we gave Camille Cazedessus the same award for ERB-DOM as we gave Frank Herbert for Dune! This situation needs to be changed.

Despite all of what I have said up to now, I put myself in opposition to the new award for the simple reason that the award was instituted (as Tom Reamy put it) "at the whim of a half dozen fans" who head the convention committee, and it appears that if L.A. wins next years convention bid that the Hugo award will be reinstated in this category, which means that some poor ed will be stuck with this "Pong". Therefore, the way I view the situation, I would urge everyone to "write in" the words "Hugo Award" in place of Fan Achievement Awards on their voting ballots. Then at the Nycon business meeting the question of special fan acheivements awards can be brought up (as it should have been last year at the Tricon) discussed, and voted on by all of fandom. Then, and only then, does such a change seem legitimate..

To join the 25th World Science Fiction Convention send $2 for a non-attending, or $3 for an attending membership to, 25th World Science Fiction Convention Box 367, Gracie Square Station, New York New York 10028. The non-attending membership entitles you to vote for the Hugo awards, and also a copy of the convention program, which this year is to be a beautiful souvenier collectors item containing interesting art, photos, and articles.

GOTHIQUE #6 Dave Griffiths, Bram Stokes and Stanley Nicholls, 62 Braemar Road, Brentford, Middlesex, England. US Agent: Larry Barwick, 222 Marcus Street, Dublin Georgia. 40¢, money only.

GOTHIQUE is the English film-fan equivalent to SPECULATION, and would put most US film-zines to shame. The mimeography is excellent, and the extensive electro-stencil work comes out quite well. Oddly enough the best of the issue is not devoted to films, but is an article (with bibliography) concerning Clark Ashton Smith by John Derry. There is a humorous report on the first convention of The Horror Film Club of Great Britain which was less than successful, book reviews, some film news, and fanzine reviews. Artwork is top flight.

SPECTRE #13 Mike Appel, 1103 Kinsella Avenue, Belleview, Illinois/62221.35¢

Mike begins this ish (as always) with Spectrum his editorial column, giving much too much wild-eyed praise to Hammer Films for the d/b Rasputin and The Reptile. The co-editor (John Duvoli) has editorial space called The Other End of the Spectrum, but since he also devotes his column to film talk, the title doesn't make much sense; this is only my second SPECTRE, but I think one of them is supposed to talk comics. Bob Sheridan begins his column "Camping It" with the complaint that reviewers have panned Dracula, Prince of Darkness without reason---he then pans the film for 2½ pages without reason. Dave Szurek spends 8 pages reviewing 2 comic books!! I can enjoy articles on comics, but reviews!, never. There is an excellent, albeit short, interview with cheapie producer-director Harold Hoffman, and a valuable filmographic article on seldom seen Mexican films. Both Mike and John take FAMOUS MONSTERS and Forrest J Ack-

(continued on next page)

erman to task in their editorials, a practice which seems to be becoming a pathological obsession with some faneds. FAMOUS MONSTERS is of as much value to me as any of the film prozines, and it would be quite a blow to film-fandom to see it bite the dust like its companion zine MONSTER WORLD. Duvoli goes too far however, when he says of FJA "I find the man egotistical, neurotic, and almost unbelievably narrow-minded..." Nothing can be farther from the truth.

TALES OF TORMENT #8 John Stockman, 5553 Glenway Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. 25¢

A handsome mimeo-ed of some 40 odd pages devoted almost entirely to one short story. I have #7 which is of the same format, but have read neither. It has been recommended by Bruce Robbins (editor-PARADOX) as the most entertaining fan fiction ever written. You might try it. I will as soon as I've time.

TRUMPET #5 Tom Reamy, 2508 17th Street, Plano, Texas. 60¢, 5/$2.50. 42 pages.

With #5 Tom has reached a new high in layout and appearance. It looks so professional that you could probably pass it off at the news stand, and with that inside-front cover photo it would probably sell. It's really hard to tell that it's an sf fanzine anymore. The issue came out conveniently on time for the Nycon nominations with a ballot tucked neatly inside and with an editorial bemoaning the replacement of the Hugo award for the best fanzine with the fan awards called Pongs, so it must be an sf fanzine. The major feature of the issue is an article on sci-fi films as political propaganda called "Down With Dr. Strangelove and other political science fictions" by Richard Hodgens. It has about as much unity as a collection of vignettes, and to me makes about as much sense. Alex Eisenstein's fanzine reviews have been cut down to only four, and although I was cut out in the cutting down I have to admit that his longer reviews are more interesting. Best in the issue is a beautiful vignette called "The Long Matinee" by Stuart Oderman and the usual letcol with barbs and sarcasms spaced at convenient intervals.

YANDRO #169 Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route # 3, Hartford City, Indiana. 35¢, 3/$1, 12/$3, momey only.

Nothing unusual this time. The editorials, Ramblings, and Rumblings, rumble and ramble but nothing more. The best of the issue is Rick Norwood's prozine reviews, interesting and so casually written they almost read themselves. I hope they'll continue the column each issue, as it's a boon to those who can't read all the prozines each month. Ted White's jaundiced eye was to interesting this time reviewing "Captain Nice" and "Mr. Terrific". I hope he isn't going to limit himself to TV reviews. There are book reviews by Buck and the letcol is nice an long with lots of "Star Trek" talk.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY MAP ($2)
Ballantine Books has put out a limited number of full color 25"x38" maps of Middle Earth using much of the cover illustrations from Ballantine's edition.

A STUDY IN TERROR ($4.98)
Roulette Records has just issued a new soundtrack album of John Scott's musical score for this excellent Herman Cohen film concerning Sherlock Holmes and Jack the Ripper.

STATUS AND DIPLOMAT (75¢) March 1967
This is a magazine often of interest to film fans. This issue contains an article by Alan Levy called "Will Big Budgets Spoil Roger Corman" which not only answers this question, but also delves deeply into Corman's prolific years at American-International.

WRITERS YEARBOOK '67 ($1.25)
Worthwhile to anyone interested in writing, this issue contains an article by Harlan Ellison and Theodore Sturgeon about writing for Star Trek. Along with the article are printed the first six pages of one of Harlan's scripts for the series, which I don't recall seeing.

LARRY IVIE'S MONSTERS AND HEROES #1 (35¢)
This issue bears a definite resemblence to Castle of Frankenstein in their first issue, sort of a professionally printed and distributed fanzine. Films are given only token coverage; serials seem to be the zine's preoccupation along with some poor comicstrips, evrything by Ivie.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #45 (50¢)
Some excellent photo-articles. Dave Ludwig has an oil painting in the letters column (does;t quite do justice to the original) and there's some talk that he may do a cover. Everyone write in letters to FM asking for a Ludwig Cover, and maybe Warren will take the hint.

Next issue May 30th

A LETTER FROM FRANCE

Robert Hossein (director of Le Vampire De Dusseldorf) will send his film I Killed Rasputin to the Cannes Film Festival for exhibition. The Film is based on a novel of the life of Felix Youssoupoff and stars Gert Frobe (Goldfinger) as Rasputin, with Peter McEnery, Geraldine Chaplin, Princess Ira de Furstenberg, and director Robert Hossein himself. The film has also been widely screened in large cities throughout France with great success. The film has not been as well met by the duaghter of Rasputin, now living in Europe, who is furious with a portrayal of herself in the film by an actress. I Killed Rasputin is only a festival presentation and will not take place in the competition.

Luis Bunuel is encountering difficulties in his direction of The Monk, from a Gothic novel by Matthew Gregory Lewis concerning a satanist monk! Bunuel is the director of a recent film Belle De Jour.

French director Christian-Jaque is preparing a science fiction film; Roger Vadim is directing another French s-f film Barbarella, based on the popular French comic drawn by Jean-Claude Forest.

A friend, Edouard Luntz (author of Les Cœurs Verts), is preparing a fantastic film of horror featuring vampires and werewolves.

A new film from Jesus Franco (Jess Frank to the English speaking world), the Spanish author of L'Horrible Docteur Orloff, Le Sadique, Les Maitresses du Docteur Jekyll, and Cartes Sur Table (a funny parody of Alphaville), is Les Orgies du Docteur Orloff also called Les Orgies du Docteur Deed. It is definately not a good film, and is credited pseudonymously to Walter Ascot, no doubt because Franco did not wish to receive the credit (blame?) for it. The horror-sex melodrama stars Howard Vernon and is filmed in black and white.

-Jean-Pierre Bouyxou-

STAR TREK- . .

This is not our column of Star Trek reviews that were promised you last issue. In the meantime, we have an announcement of importance to all Star Trek fans. As you may know, it is likely that Star Trek will be nominated for a Hugo in the category of Best Dramatic Presentation by the 25th World Science Fiction Convention. What you may not know is that the show is likely to lose the award because of a nominating technicality. Because Twilight Zone continually won in this category a number of years ago it was decided that only specific episodes of a television series could be nominated, and therefore a number of Star Trek episodes will no doubt be found on the final voting ballot, The problem is that few fans will agree as to which episode is the best, and in their obstinacy they will divide the Star Trek vote (which appears to be in majority) and allow the film Fantastic Voyage or something even worse to win.

Star Trek fans unite! It is time to cast aside our own personal choice of a favorite episode and cast a common vote. Mr. Spock says it's the only logical thing to do! Kay Anderson has suggested: While many episodes of Star Trek have been excellent, it is a fact that none of these episodes would have been aired if not for one man, the man who wanted to bring intelligent science fiction to television, the man who employed many top professionals in writing episodes, the man who's talent created the show, and who's tenacity finally managed after two years to get the show on television; the man of course is the show's producer Gene Roddenberry. "The Menagerie" (to be shown this week and next) is certainly not "the best" of the Show's episodes, but it is all Roddenberry's. Star Trek deserves a Hugo and Gene Roddenberry deserves a Hugo; let's give it to both of them! VOTE FOR - THE MENAGERIE"

(Kay's column begins next issue)